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Never before Printed.

SET TO SEVERAL

NEVV TUNES

BY THE BEST

Maſters of MUSIC.

Written by THO. D'URFEY, *Gent.*

LONDON,

Printed by *John Playford*, for *Joſeph Hindmarſh* (Bookſeller to His ROYAL HIGHNESS) at the *Black Bull* in *Cornhill*, 1684.

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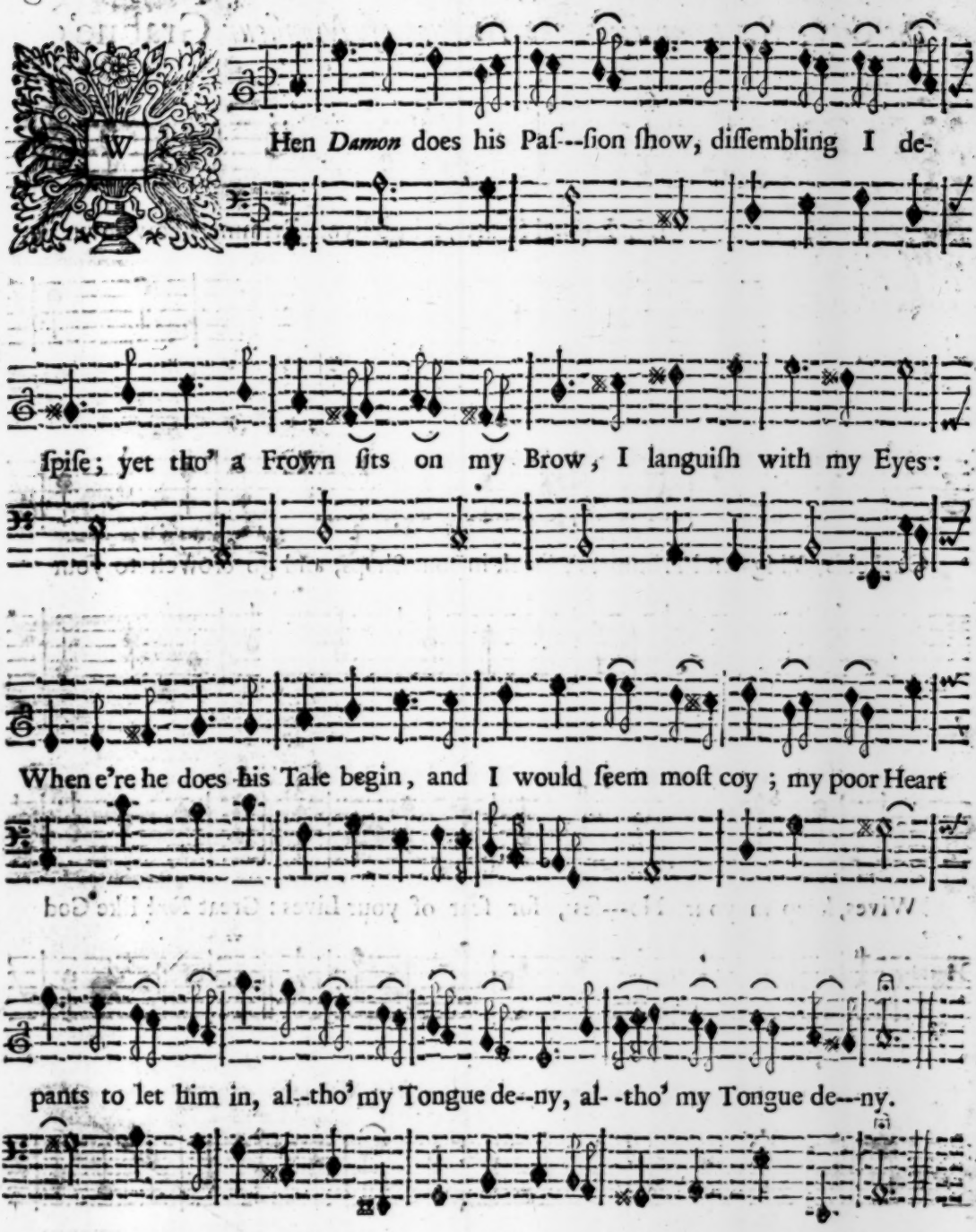
DISSEMBLED LOVE: *A Song ſet by Mr.* Abel.

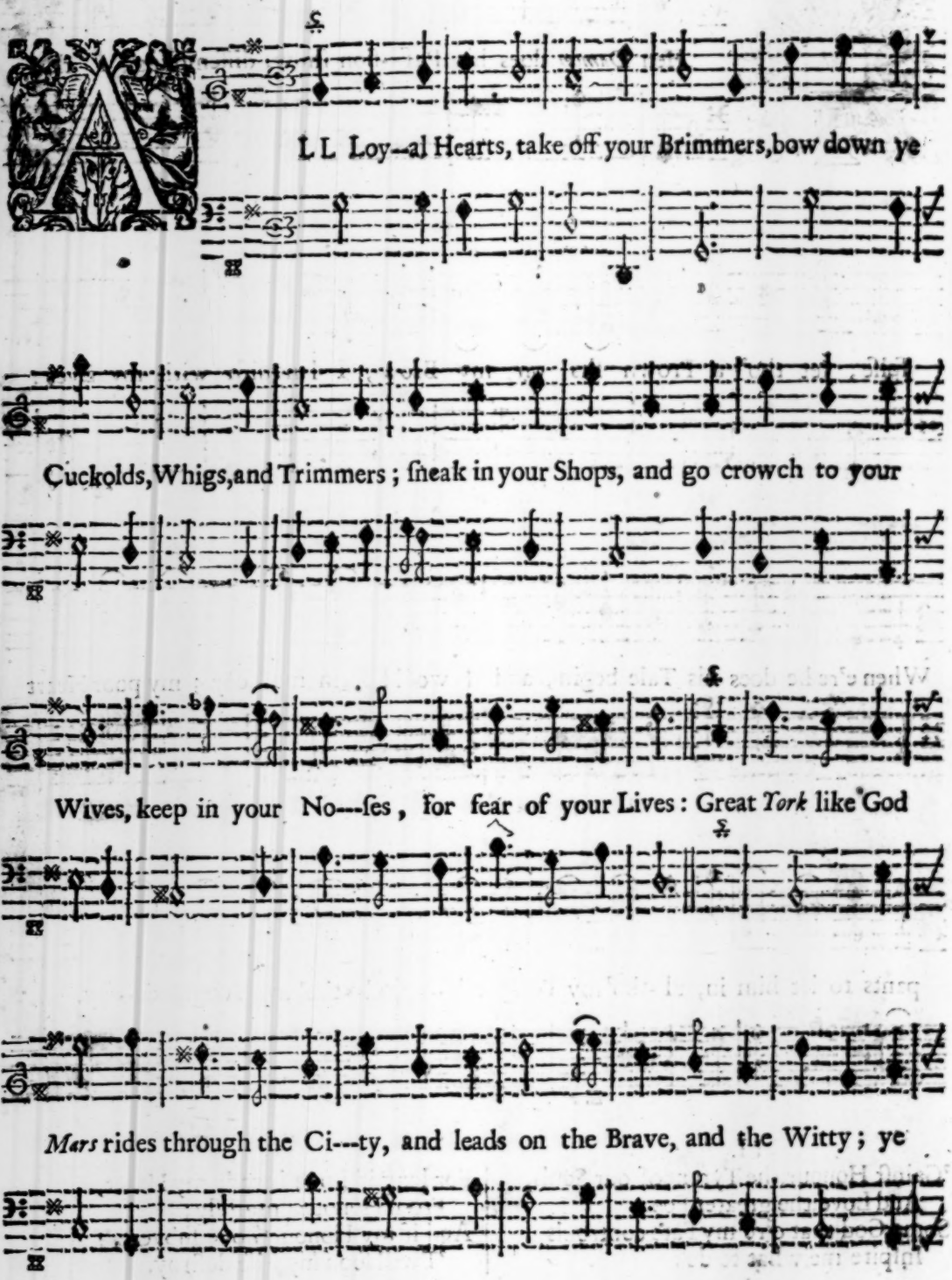


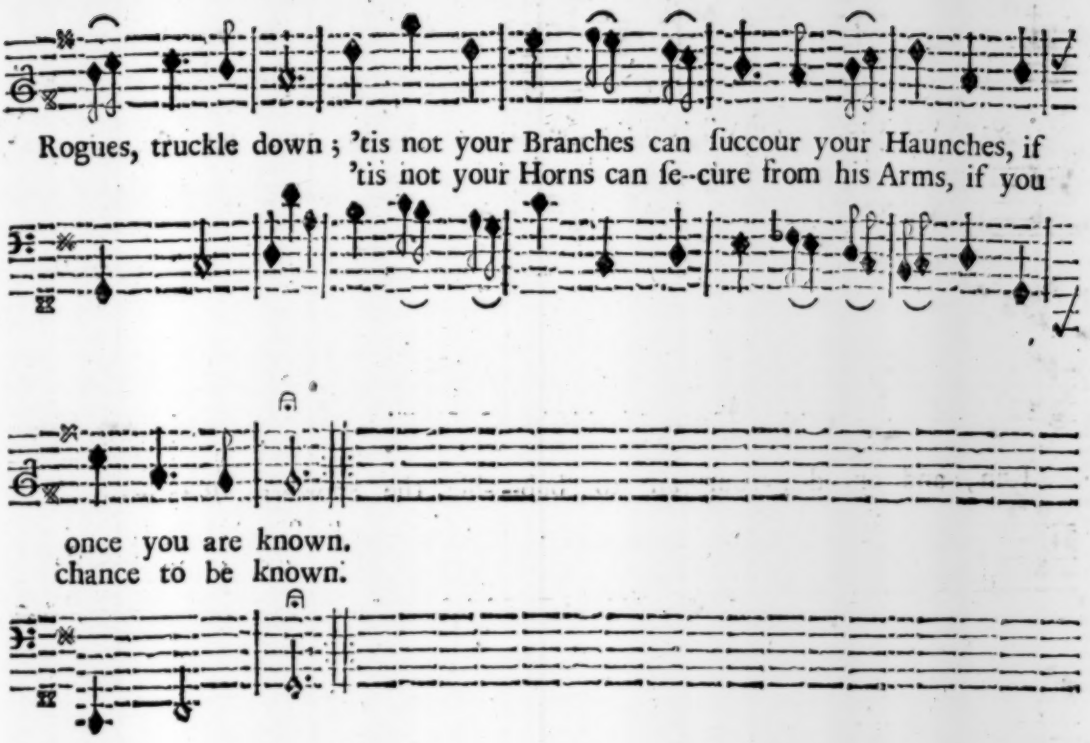
II.

'Gainſt Honour, the Tyrant of our Souls,
And Love, the greater Foe;
Some God that o're my Fate controuls,
Inſpire me what to do:

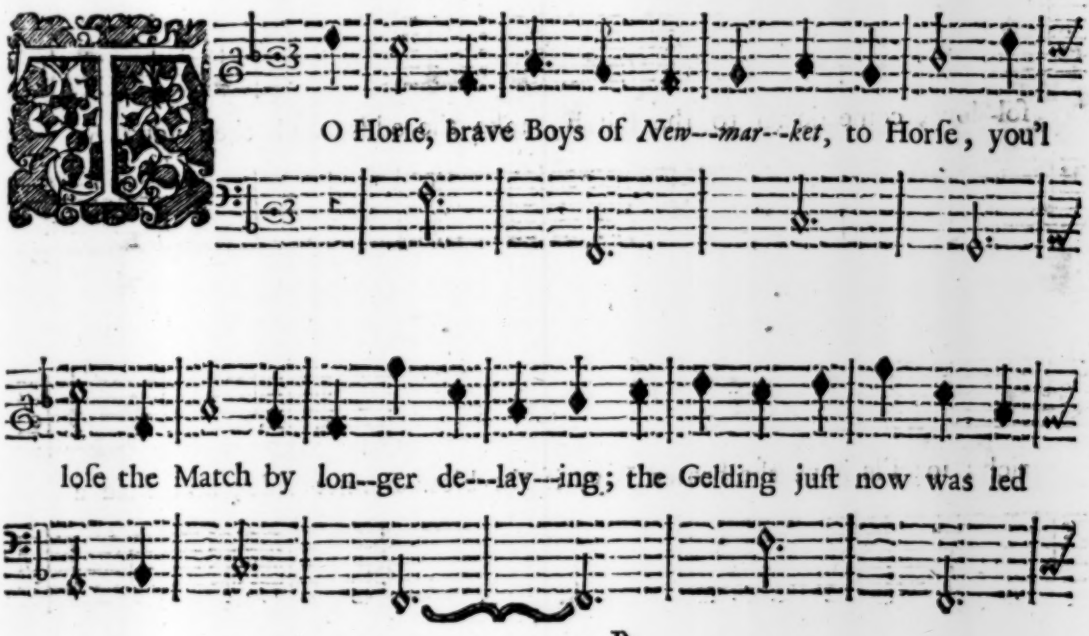
For long if Love invade my Heart,
From Honour I muſt fly;
And if my Honour Love ſubvert,
'Twill ſoon my Life deſtroy.

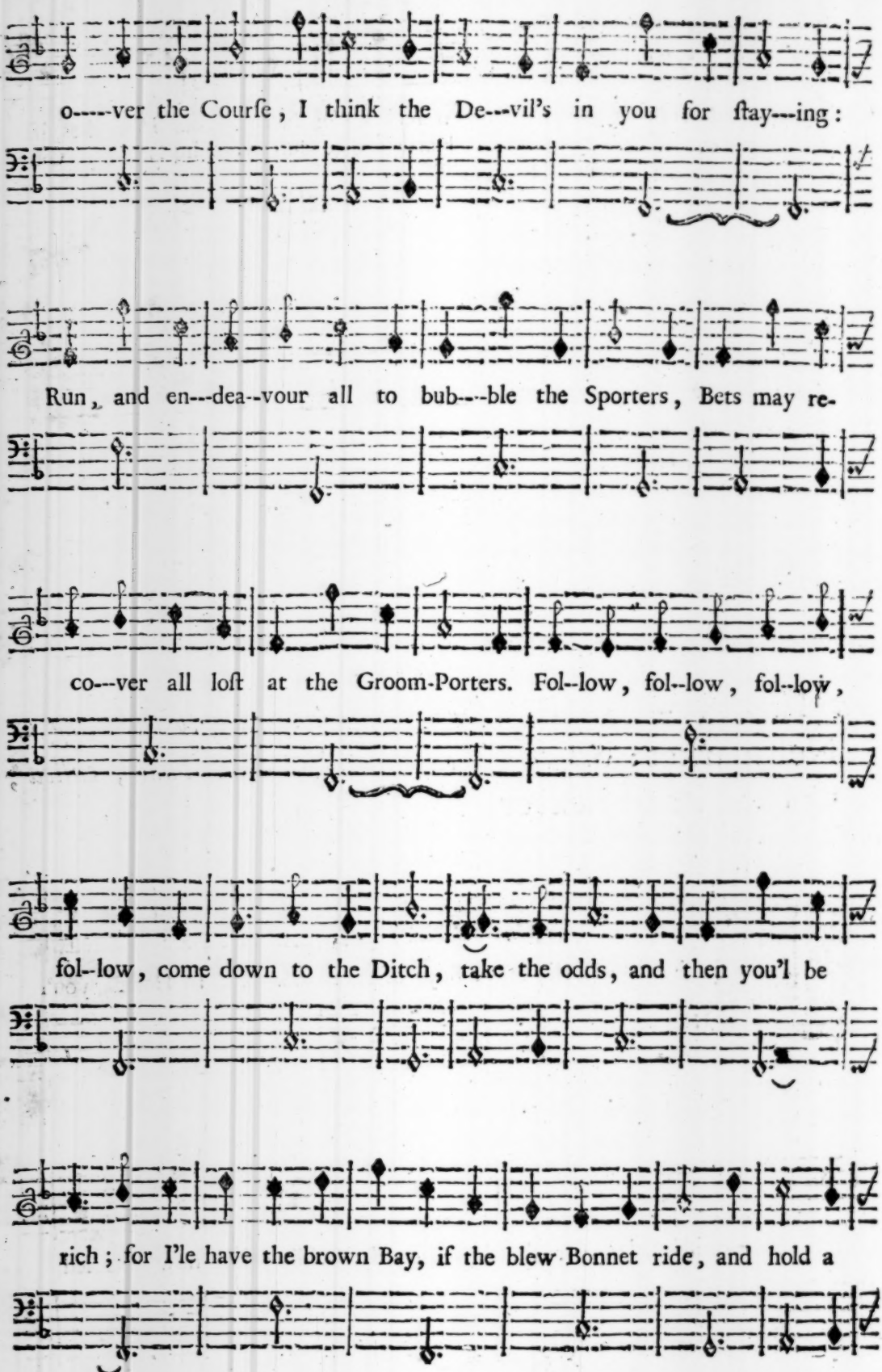
A LEVET *to the* ARTILLERY: *A Song made upon* His Royal Highneſs's *leading the* Artillery-Company *through the City; Set to an excellent Minuet of Monſieur* Grabue's.



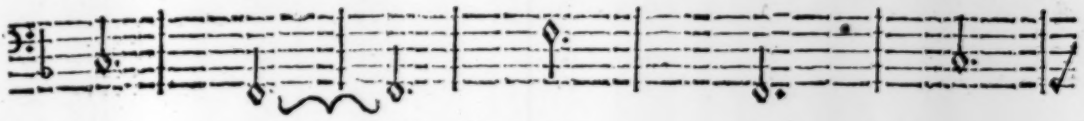


The HORSE-RACE; *a Song made and ſung to the King at* Newmarket: *Set to an excellent* Scotch *Tune, called,* Cock up thy Beaver, *in four Strains.*

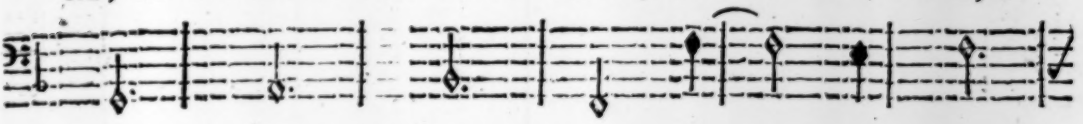



o-----ver the Courſe, I think the De---vil's in you for ſtay---ing:
Run, and en---dea--vour all to bub---ble the Sporters, Bets may re-
co---ver all loſt at the Groom-Porters. Fol--low, fol--low, fol--low,
fol--low, come down to the Ditch, take the odds, and then you'l be
rich; for I'le have the brown Bay, if the blew Bonnet ride, and hold a

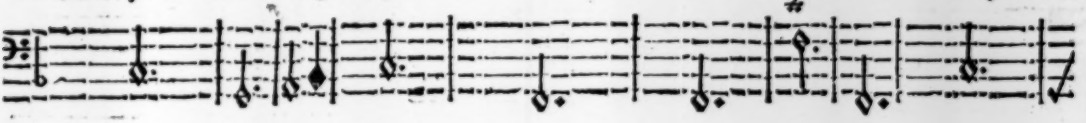
thouſand Pounds of his ſide Sir: *Dragon* would ſcow-er it, but *Dragon* grows



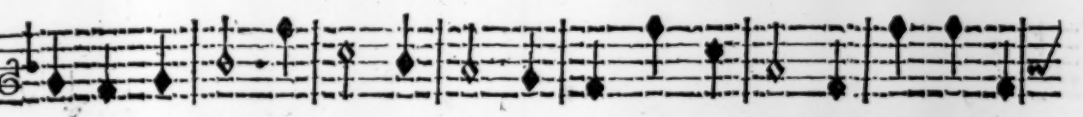
old; he can--not en--dure it, he cannot, he wonnot now run it, as



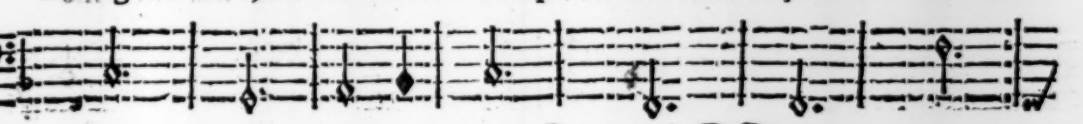
late--ly he could: Age, Age, does hinder the Speed Sir. Now, now, now they come

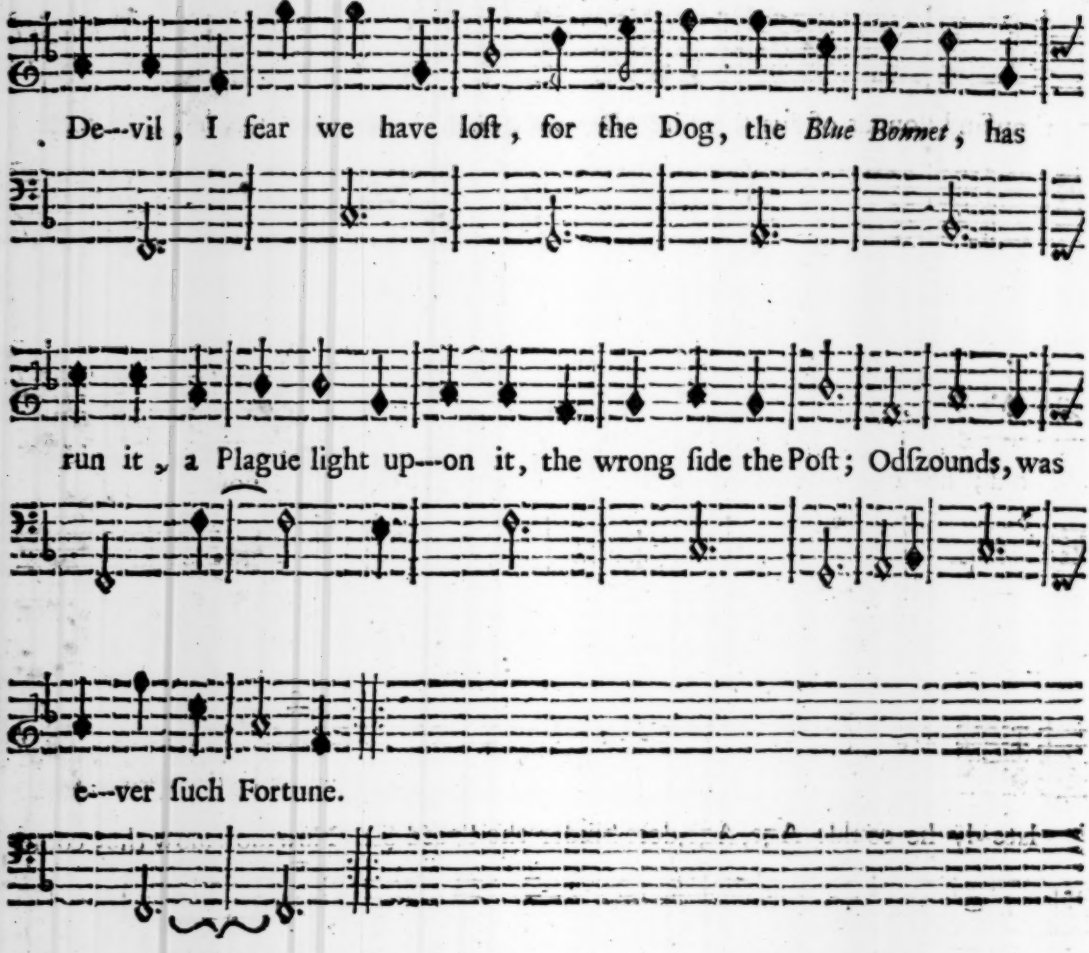


on, and ſee, ſee the Horſe lead the way ſtill; three lengths be--fore at the

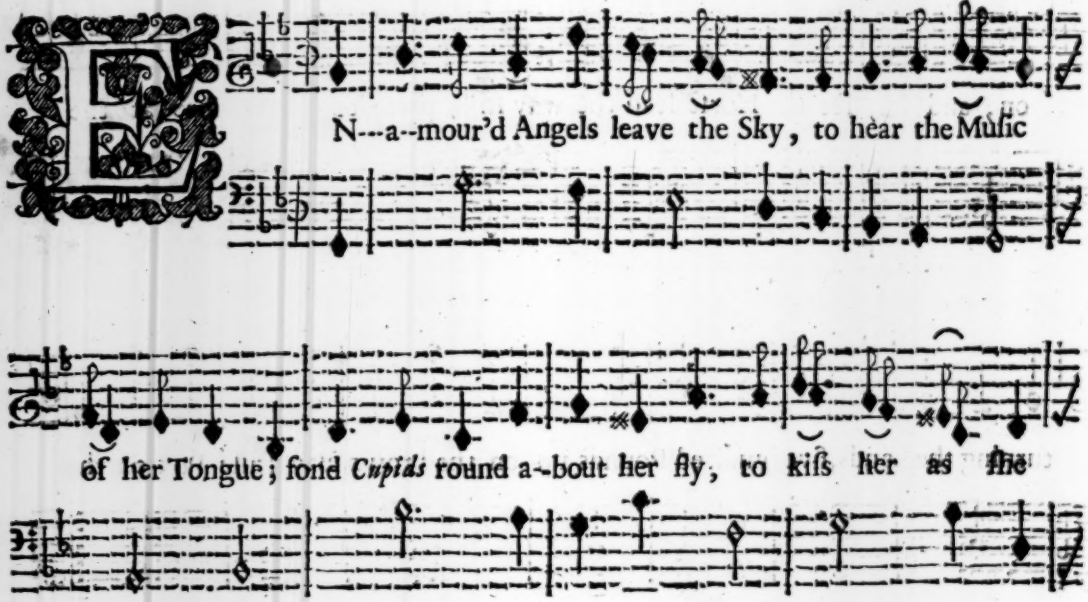


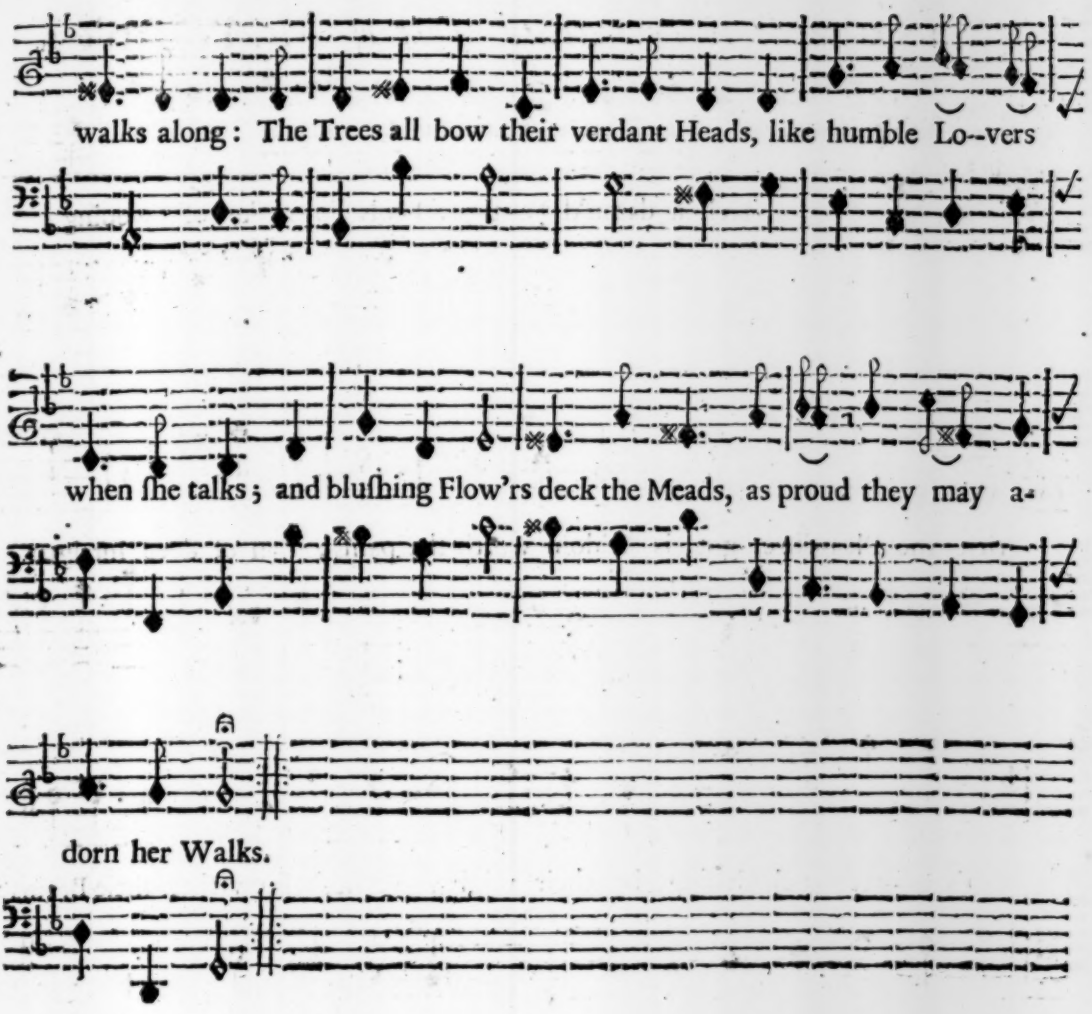
turning the Lands, five hundred Pounds up--on the brown Bay ſtill: Pox on the





To CYNTHIA; *a Song ſet by Mr.* King.

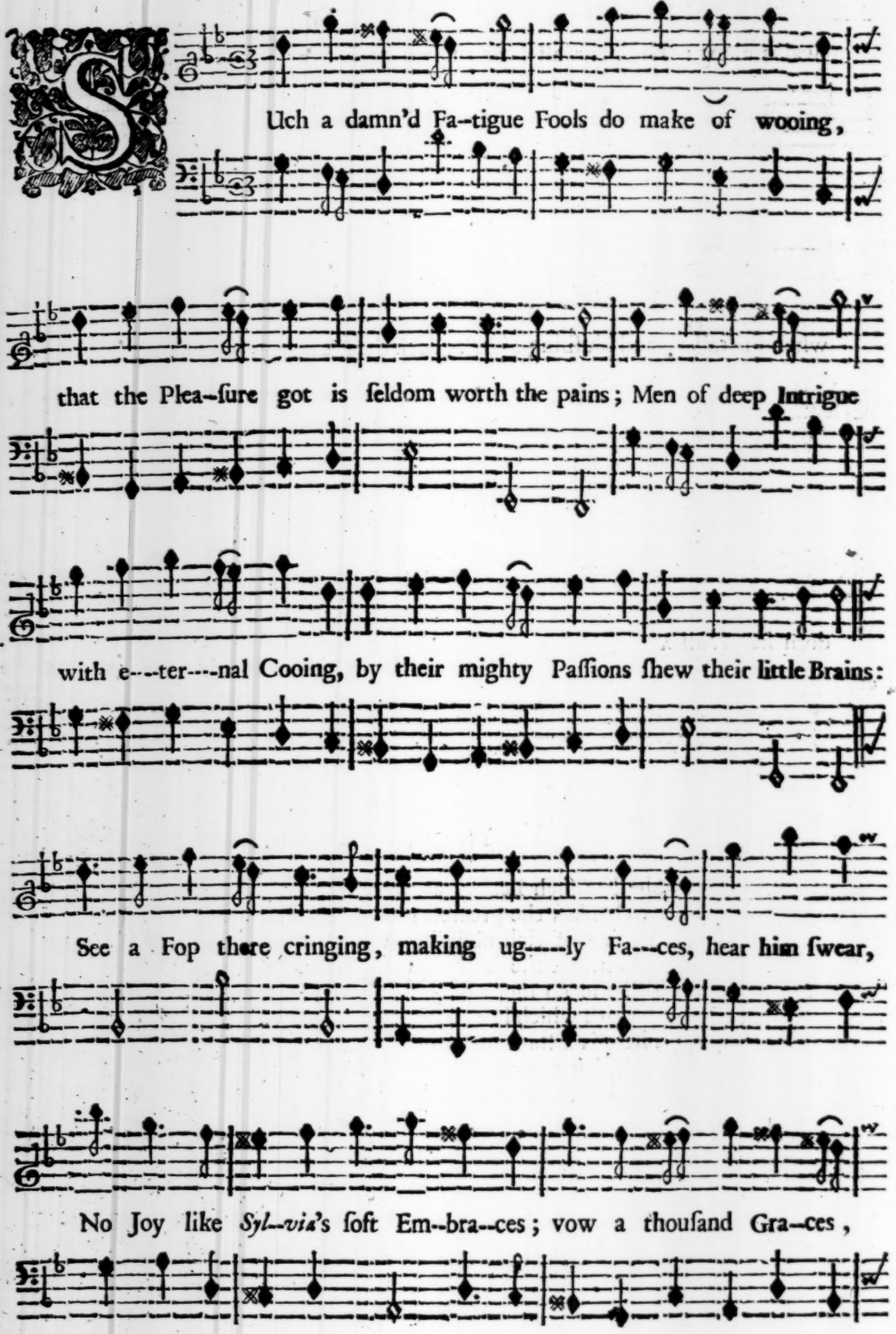


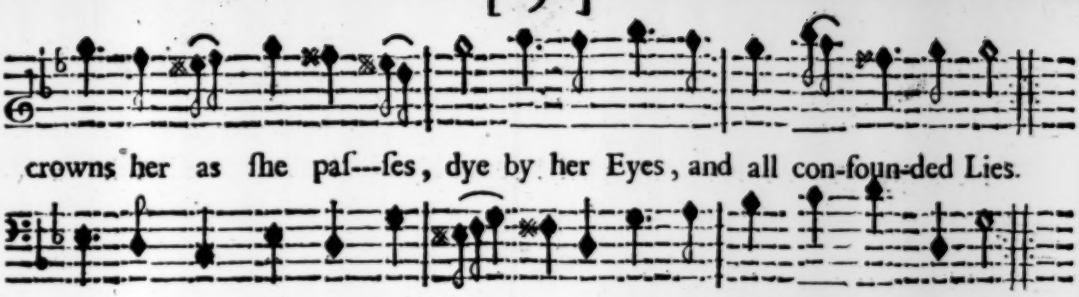


II.

She has ſuch Beauty as were fit
To bleſs the greateſt Monarch's ſide;
A Mine of rich obliging Wit,
Without the leaſt allay of Pride.
Tell me no more of Joys above,
With which immortal Souls are crown'd;
There is a Rapture in her Love,
Which zealous Bigots never found.

A Song *made to an excellent Tune of Mr.* Peaſable's.





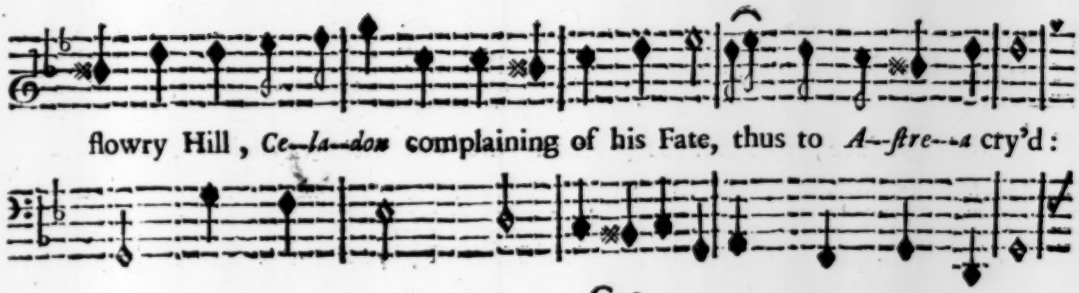
crowns her as ſhe paſ---ſes, dye by her Eyes, and all con-foun-ded Lies.

II.

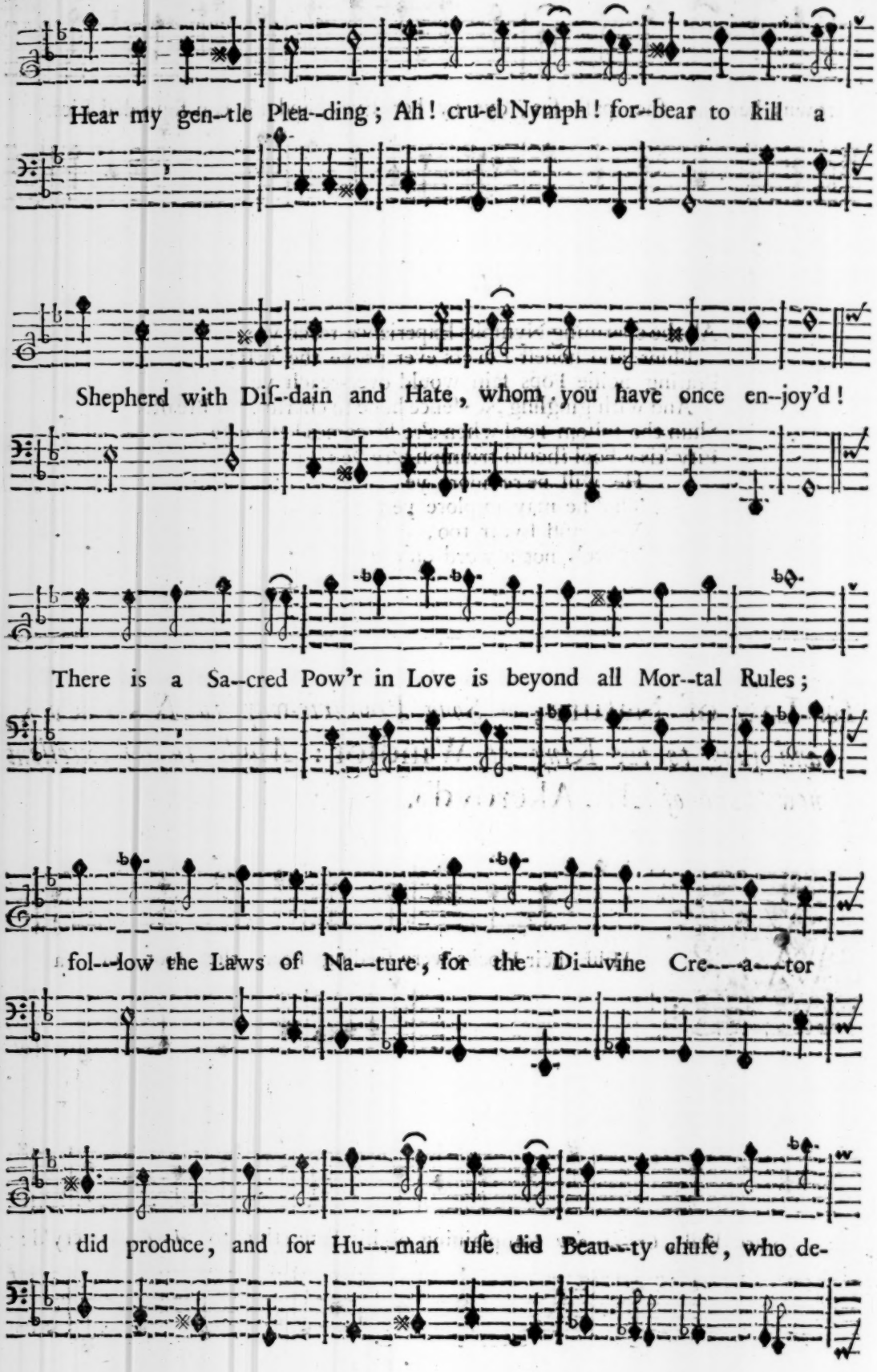
All the charming Nymphs Experience teach ye,
Blunt and honeſt Lovers ever prove the beſt;
Prating noiſie Fops fain would over-reach ye,
And with gingling Nonſence hope to charm your Breaſt.
Shun the fulſom Tool when e're he comes before ye,
Pity 'tis a Fool ſhould triumph o're ye:
He will ne're adore ye,
Tho' he may implore ye;
Vow and ſwear too,
There's not a word on't true.

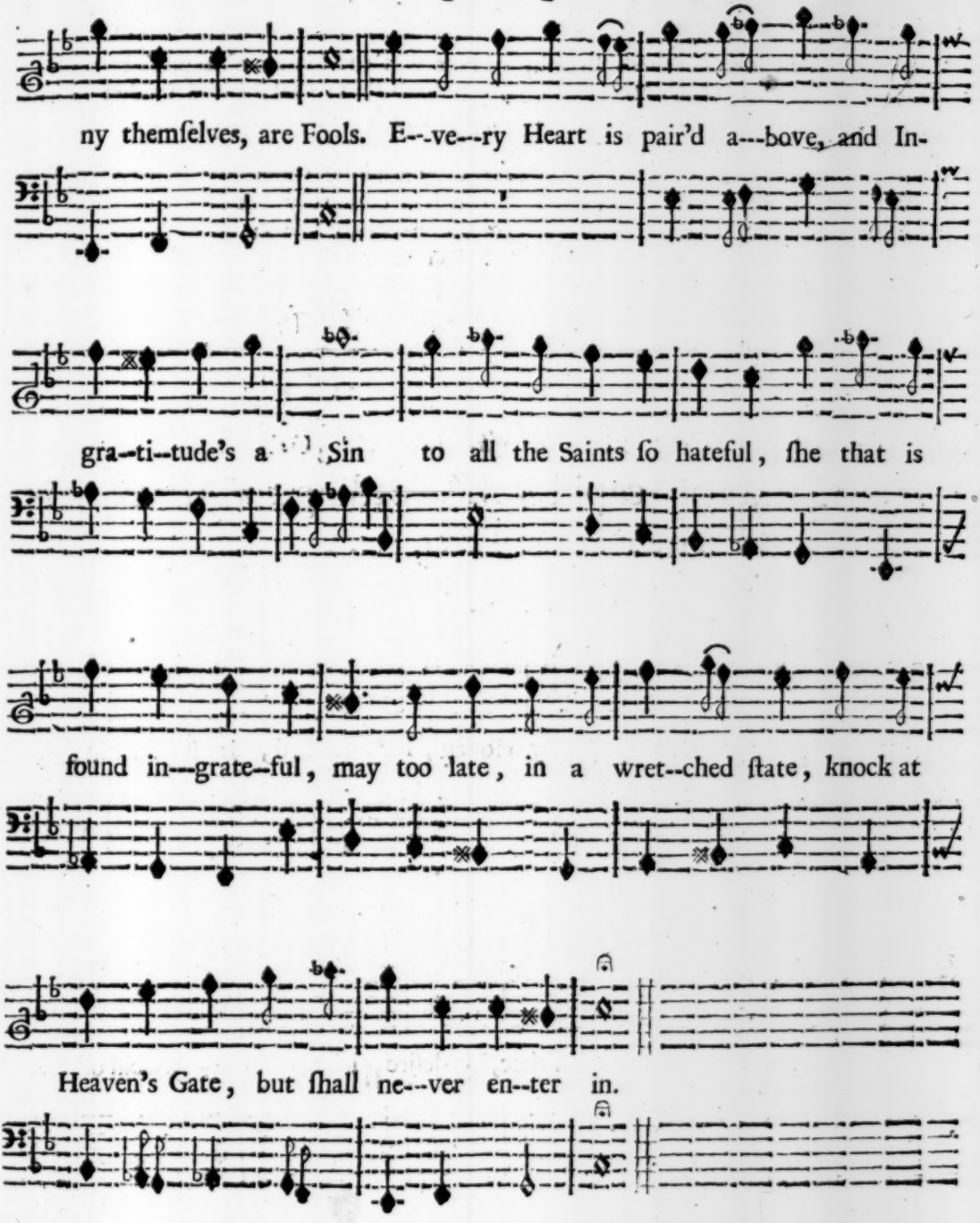
The Law of Nature; *a Song Pindaric-way to* ASTREA, *and ſung to the King at* Windſor: *Made to an excellent new Tune of Mr.* Akeroyd's.

WHilſt their Flocks were feeding near the foot of a



flowry Hill, *Ce--la--don* complaining of his Fate, thus to *A--ſtre--a* cry'd:


Hear my gen--tle Plea--ding; Ah! cru-el Nymph! for--bear to kill a
Shepherd with Diſ--dain and Hate, whom you have once en--joy'd!
There is a Sa--cred Pow'r in Love is beyond all Mor--tal Rules;
fol--low the Laws of Na--ture, for the Di--vine Cre---a---tor
did produce, and for Hu---man uſe did Beau--ty chuſe, who de-



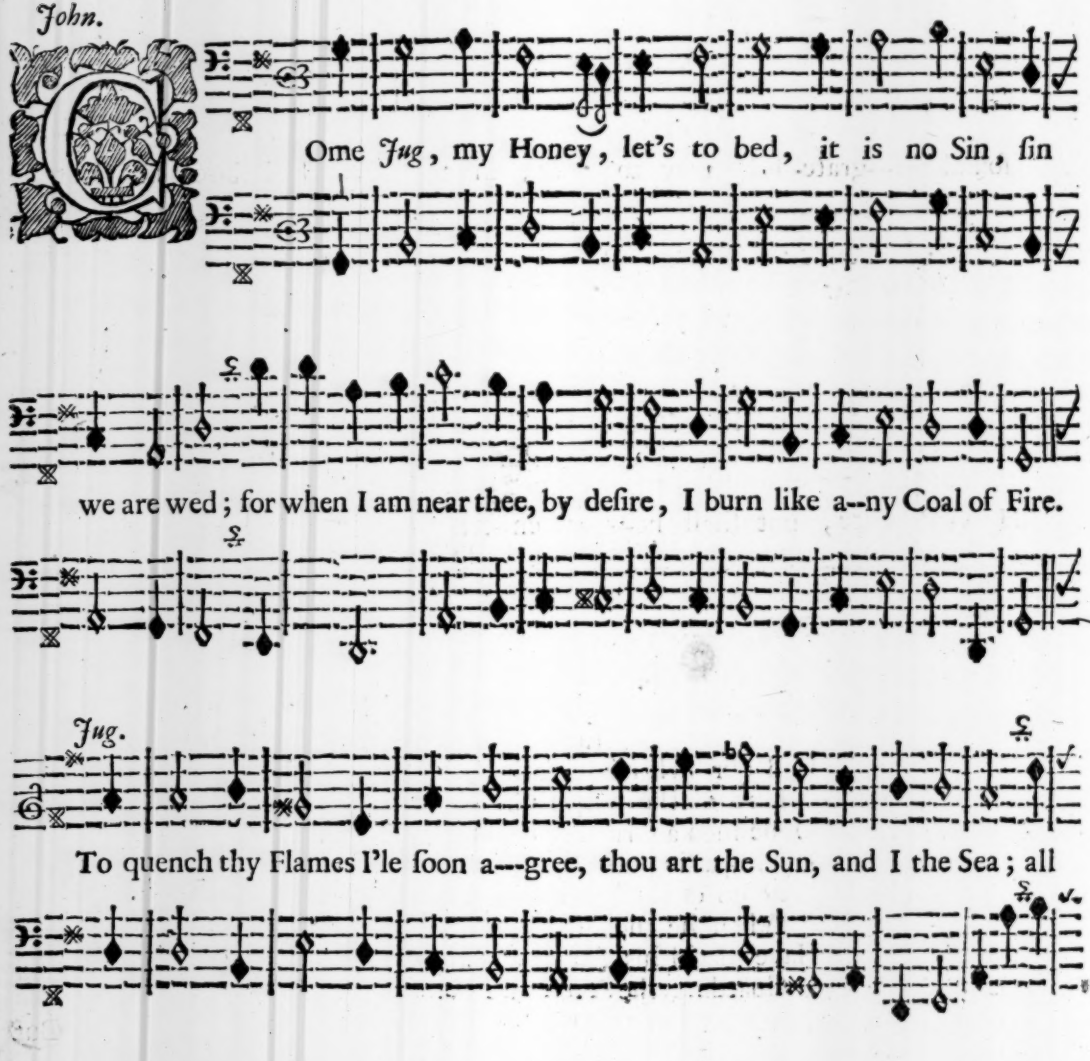
II.

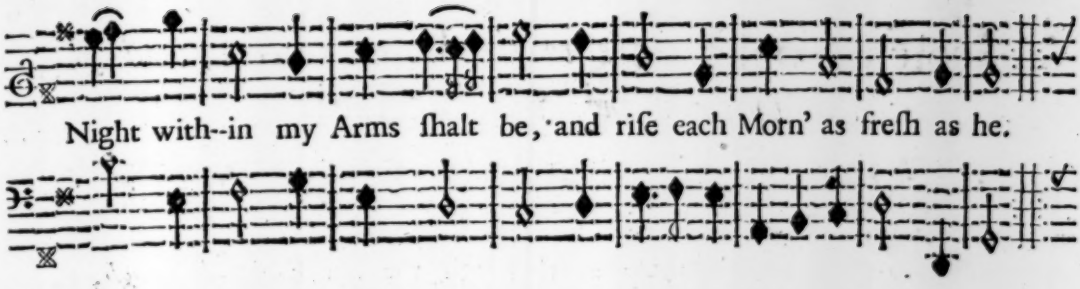
Had our firſt-made Father,
Lord of the whole Creation,
Done ſuch a Crime as could have damn'd us all,
Treſpaſſing on his Wife;
Jove no doubt had rather,
When he the ill deſign had known,
Have plac'd his Angel e're the Fall,
Guarding the Tree of Life.

But he that well knew *Adam*'s Breaſt,
Whom Nature 'learnt to woo,
Never intended damning,
Nor had the Serpents ſhamming
Edified;
For the Bone of his Side,
That was made his Bride,
Taught him what he was to do.

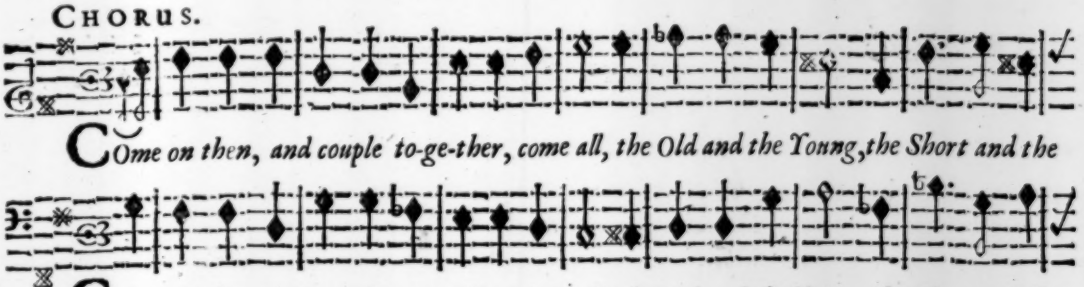
Nor was the Maker e're poſſeſt
With Rage that he did enjoy;
But the Reflection hated,
What he with pains created,
Should be thought
Such a cowardly Sot,
To be poorly caught
In ſuch a ſneaking Lye.

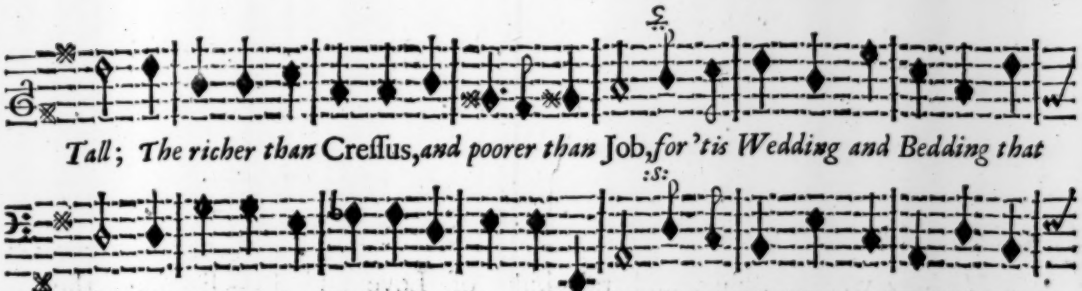
The WEDDING: *A Dialogue between* John *and* Jug, *ſung in the* Cheats of Scapin *by Mr.* Reading *and Mrs.* Norris; *Set by Mr.* Farmer *in two Parts.*

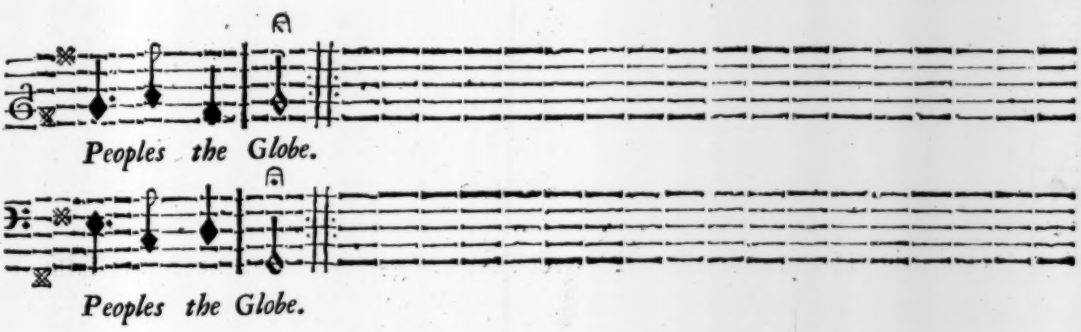




CHORUS.







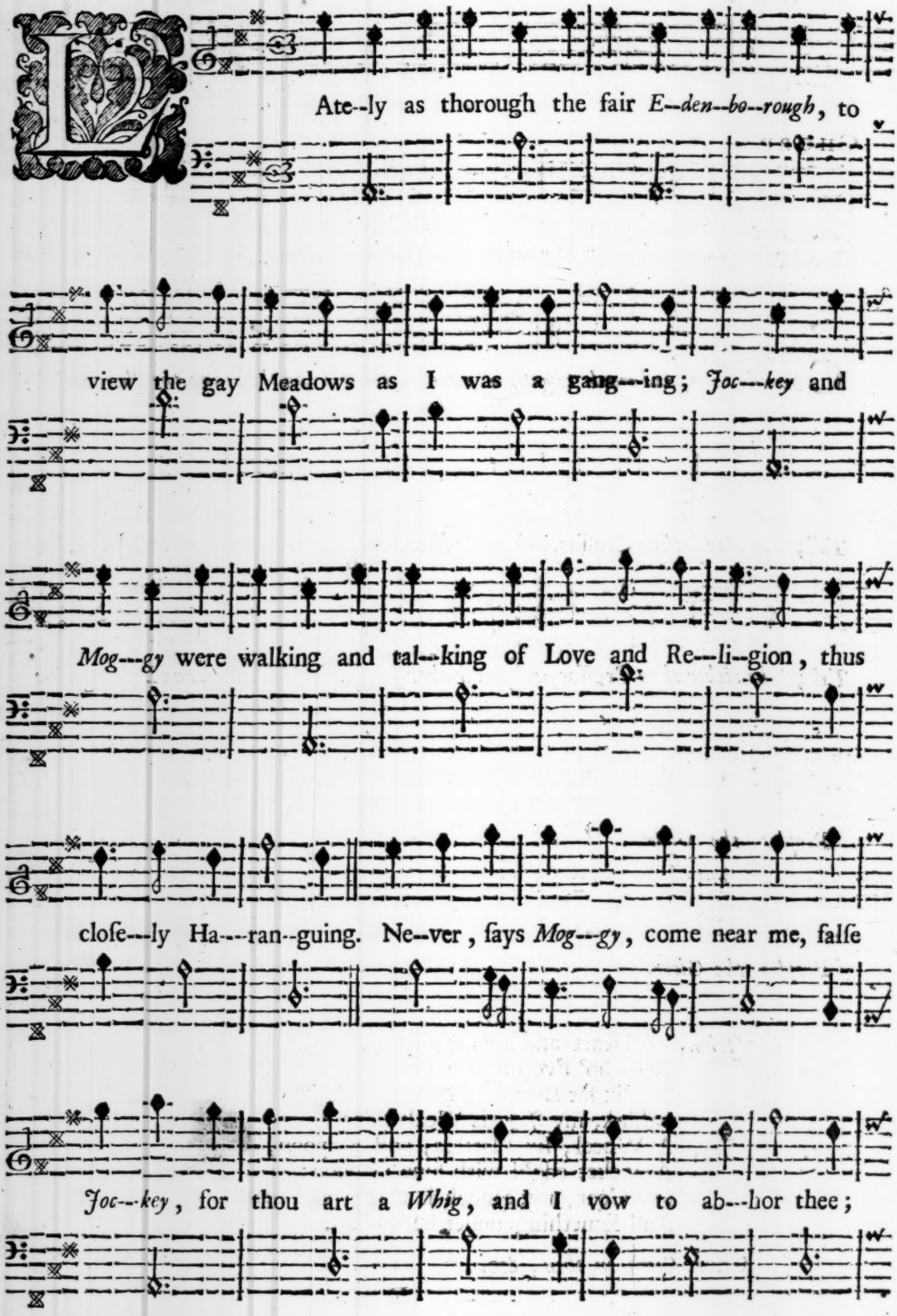
II.

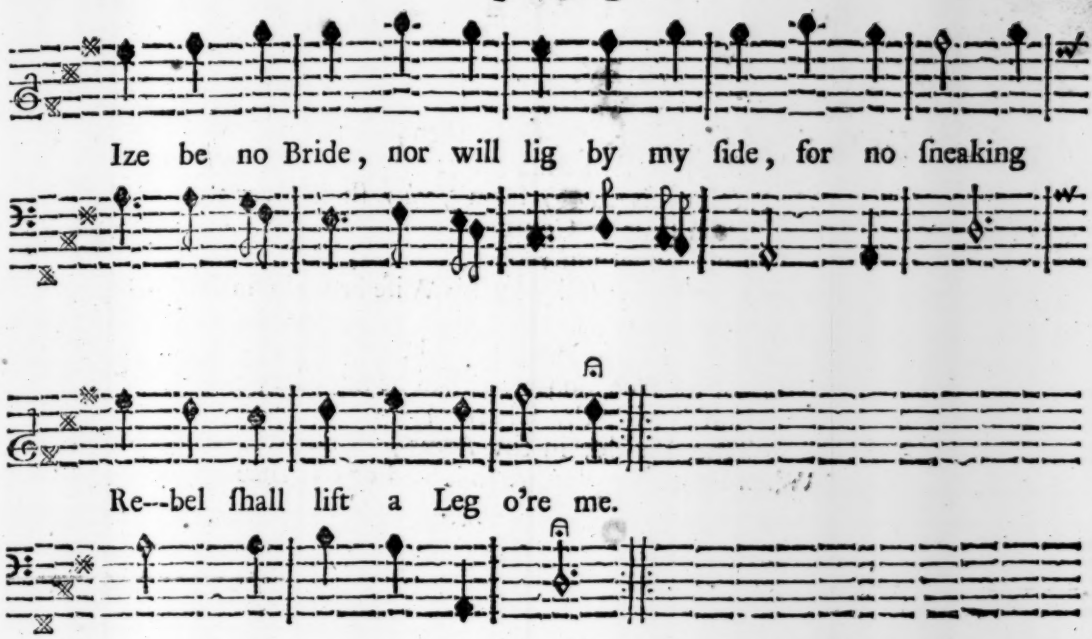
John. My Heart and all's at thy Command;
And tho' I've never a Foot of Land,
Yet ſix fat Ews, and one milch Cow,
I think, my *Jug*, is Wealth enow.

Jug. A Wheel, ſix Platters, and a Spoon,
A Jacket edg'd with blue Galloon;
My Coat, my Smock is thine, and ſhall,
And ſomething under beſt of all.

Chor. *Come on then*, &c.

A Scotch Song *made to the* Iriſh Jigg, *and ſung to the King at* Whitehall.





II.

Jockey. Faireſt and Deareſt,
And to my Heart neareſt,
To live with thy Frowns I no longer am able;
I am ſo loving,
And thou art ſo moving,
Each hair of thy Head ties me faſt as a Cable:
Thou haſt that in thee
Ize ſure to win me,
To *Jew*, *Turk*, or *Atheiſt*, ſo much I adore thee;
Nothing I'd ſhun
That is under the Sun,
So I have the pleaſure to lift a Leg o're thee.

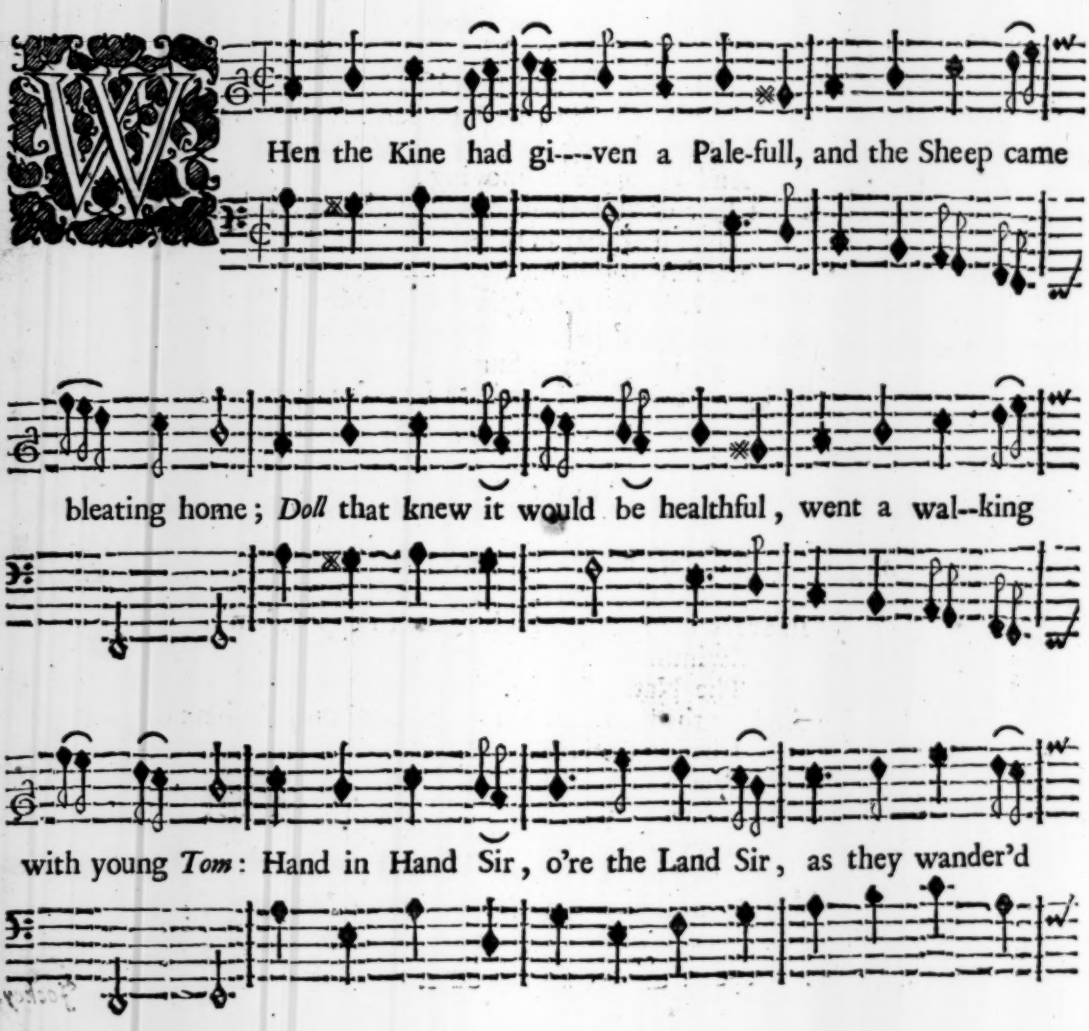
III.

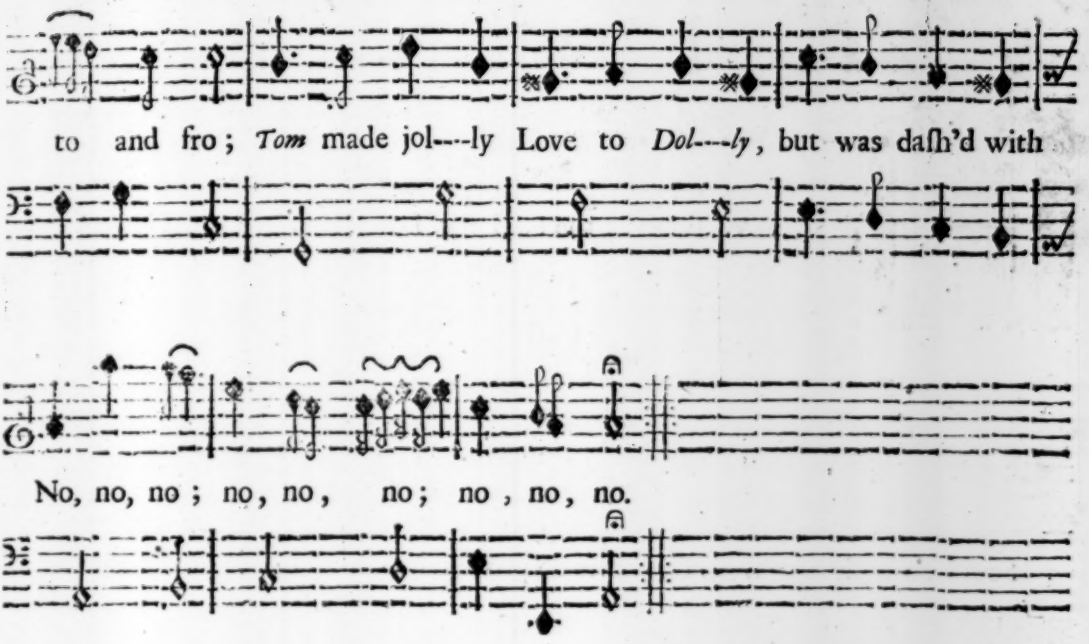
Moggy. Plotters and Traytors,
And Aſſociators,
In every degree thou ſhalt ſwear to oppoſe 'em;
Swimmers and Trimmers,
The Nation's Redeemers,
And for thy Reward thou ſhalt ſleep in my Boſom:
I had a Dad,
Was a Royal brave Lad,
And as true as the Sun to his Monarch before me;
Moggy he cry'd,
The ſame hour that he dy'd,
Let no ſneaking Rebel e're lift a Leg or'e thee.

IV.

Jockey. Adieu then, ye Crue then,
Of Proteſtant Blue Men,
No Faction his *Moggy* from *Jockey* ſhall ſever;
Thou ſhalt at Court
My Converſion report,
I am not the firſt *Whig* by his Wife brought in favour:
Izé never deal
For the dull Commonweal,
To fight for true Monarchy ſhall be my Glory;
Lull'd with thy Charms,
Then I'le dye in thy Arms,
When I have the pleaſure to lift a Leg o're thee.

The ENJOYMENT, *or* No, no, *chang'd to* Ay, ay.





II.

Faith, ſays *Tom*, the Time's ſo fitting,
We ſhall never get the like;
You can never ſtir from knitting,
When I am digging in the Dyke:
Now we are gone too, and alone too,
No one by to ſee or know;
Prethee *Dolly*, ſhall I, ſhall I?
Still ſhe anſwer'd, No, no, no;
No, no, no; no, no, no.

III.

Fye upon you Men, cries *Dolly*,
In what Snares you'd make us fall;
You get nothing but the Folly,
But I ſhould get the Devil and all:
Tom with Sobs, and ſome dry Bobs,
Cry'd, You're a Fool to argue ſo;
Come, come, ſhall I? Prethee *Dolly*!
Still ſhe anſwer'd, No, no, no, *&c.*

IV.

To the Tavern then he took her,
Wine to Love's a Friend confeſs'd;
By the Hand he often ſhook her,
And drunk Brimmers to the beſt:
She grew warm, and thought no harm,
'Till after a briſk Pint or two;
To what he ſaid, the ſilly Jade
Could hardly get out, No, no, no, *&c.*

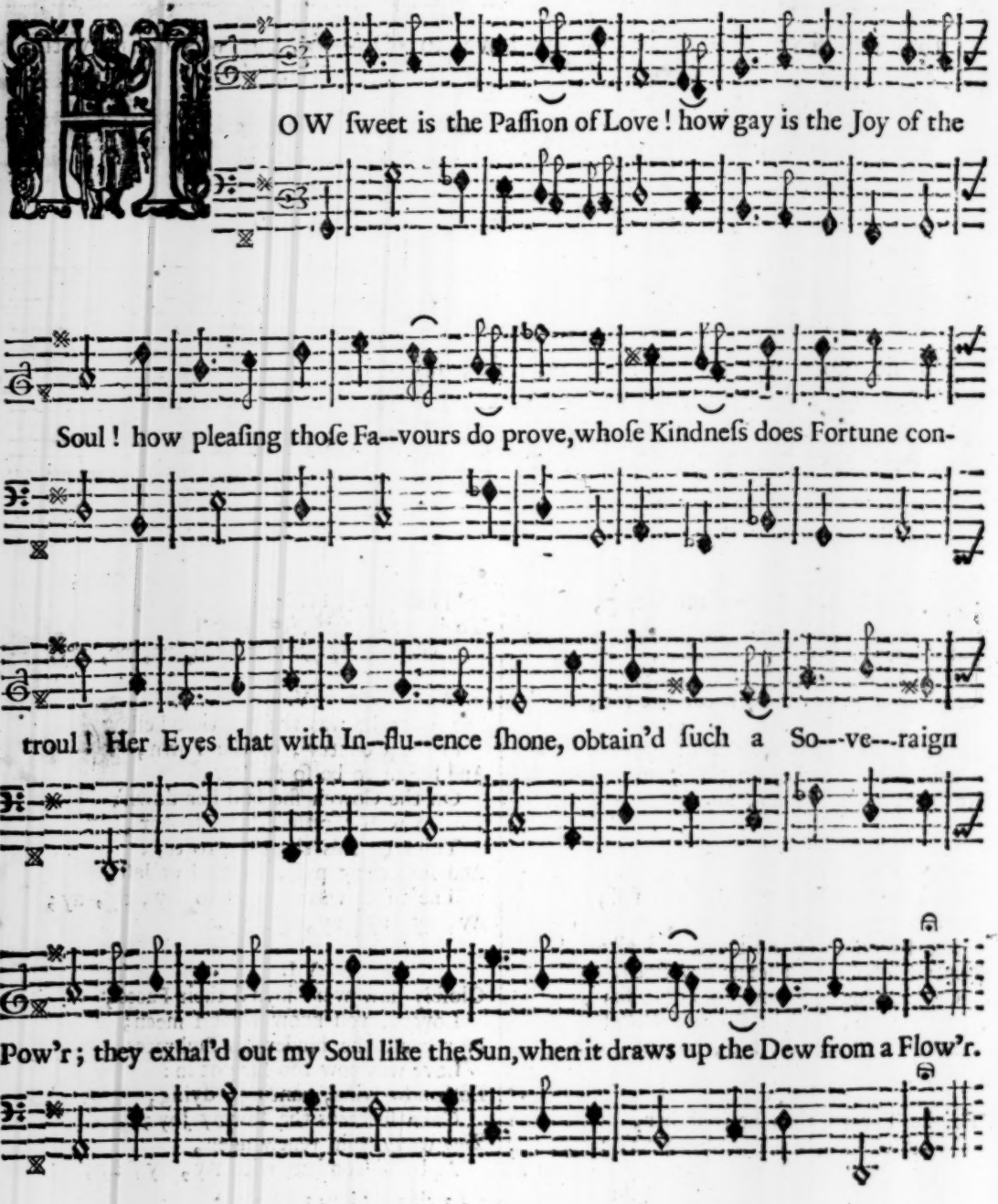
V.

She ſwore he was the prettieſt Fellow
In the Country, or the Town;
And began to be ſo mellow,
On the Cowch ſhe laid her down;
Tom to woo her then came to her,
Thinking this the time to try;
And ſomething paſt, ſo kind at laſt,
The Note was chang'd to Ay, ay, ay;
Ay, ay, ay; ay, ay, ay.

VI.

Cloſely now were joyn'd their Faces,
Lovers, you know what I mean;
Nor could ſhe hinder his Embraces,
Love was now too far got in:
Both now lying, panting, dying,
Calm ſucceeds the ſtormy Joy;
Tom would fain renew agen,
And *Doll* conſents with Ay, ay, ay;
Ay, ay, ay; ay, ay, ay.

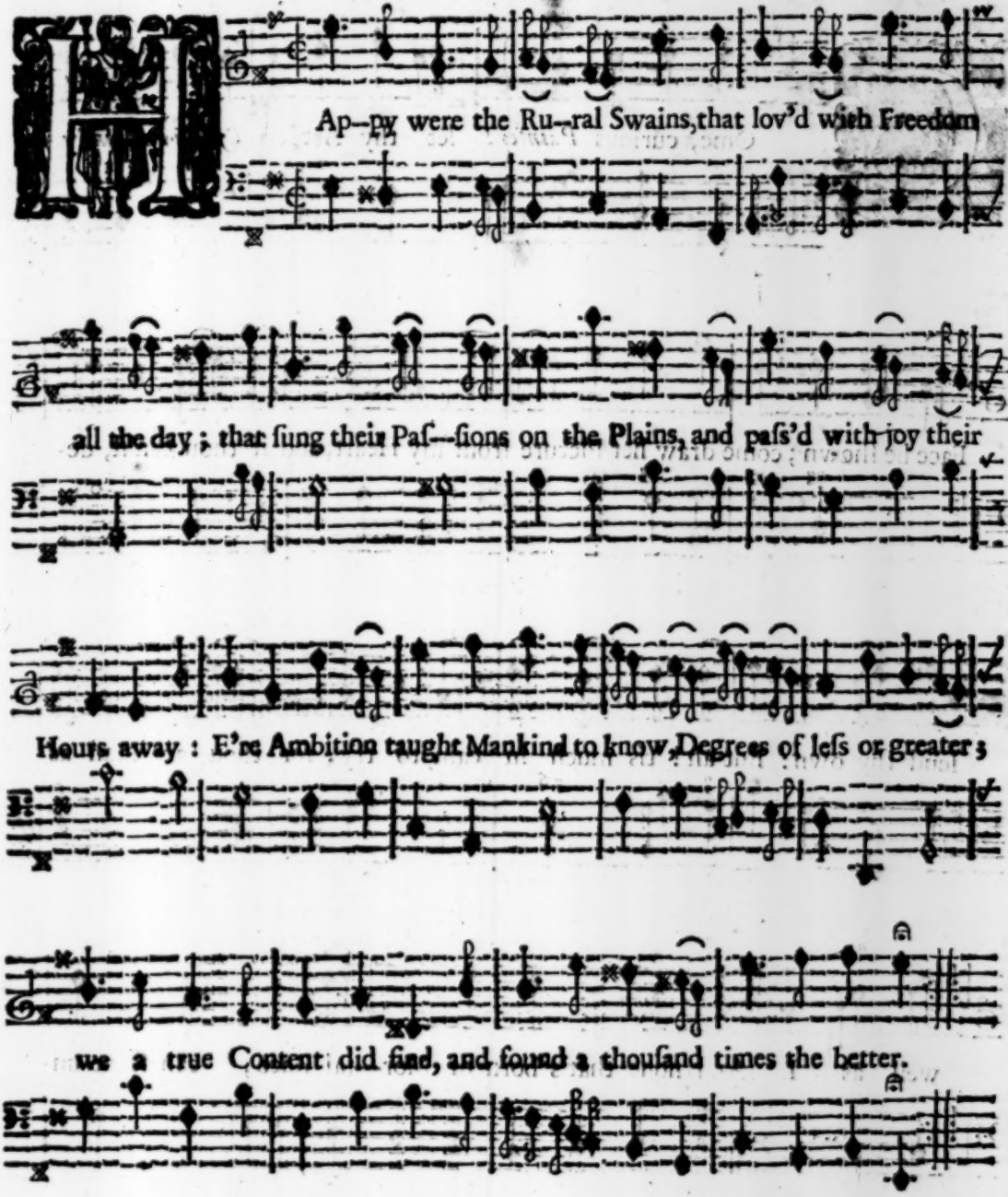
A Song *ſet by Mr.* Thomas Farmer.



II.

Let no Man believe he is wiſe,
  By applauding the Muſical Sphere;
But turn his Ear to her Voice,
  And all that is Charming is there:
My Heart which no Face could command,
  Within her ſweet Boſom I loſt;
And with every touch of her hand,
  I was ready to give up the Ghoſt.

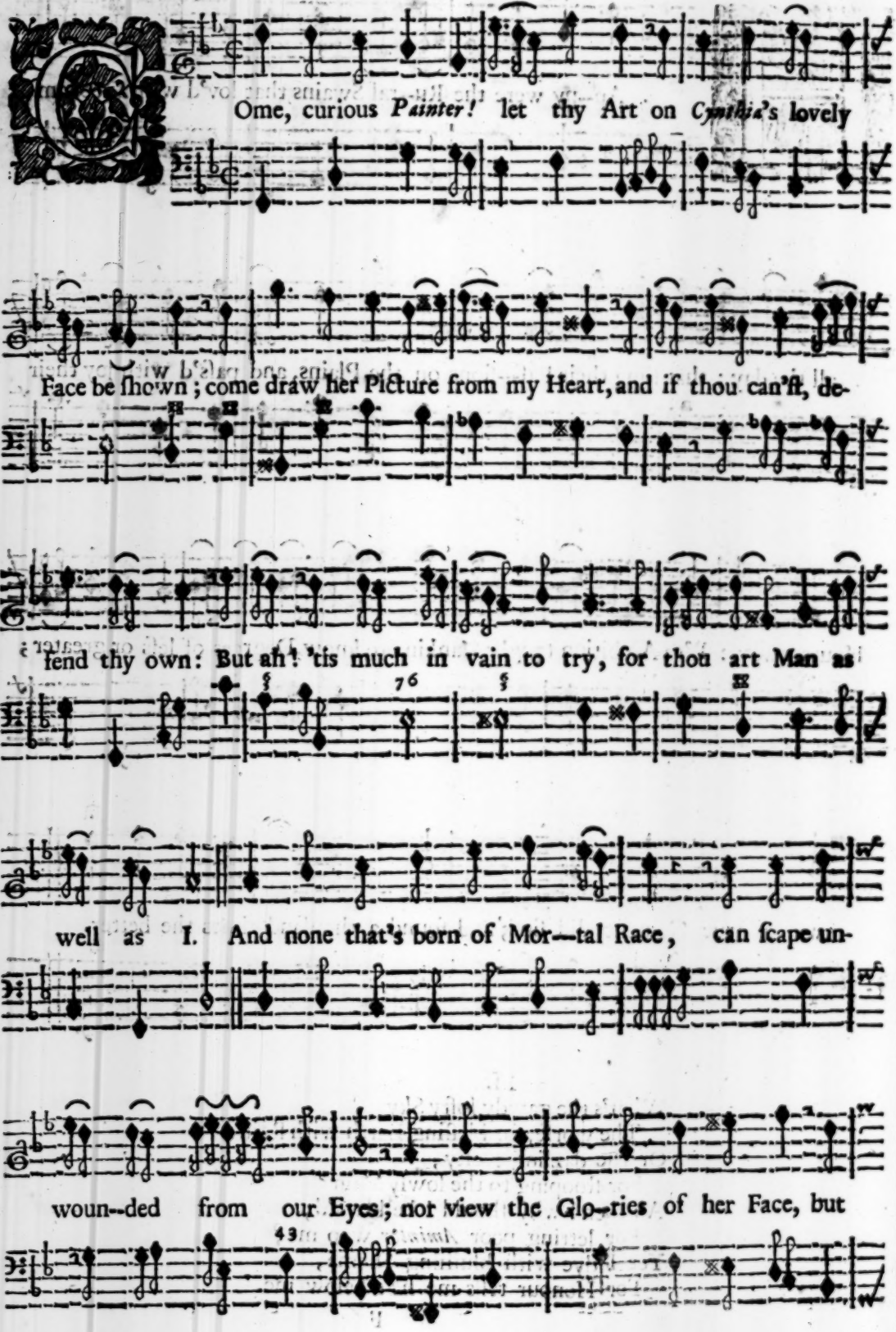
LOVE'S *Complaint againſt* HONOUR.

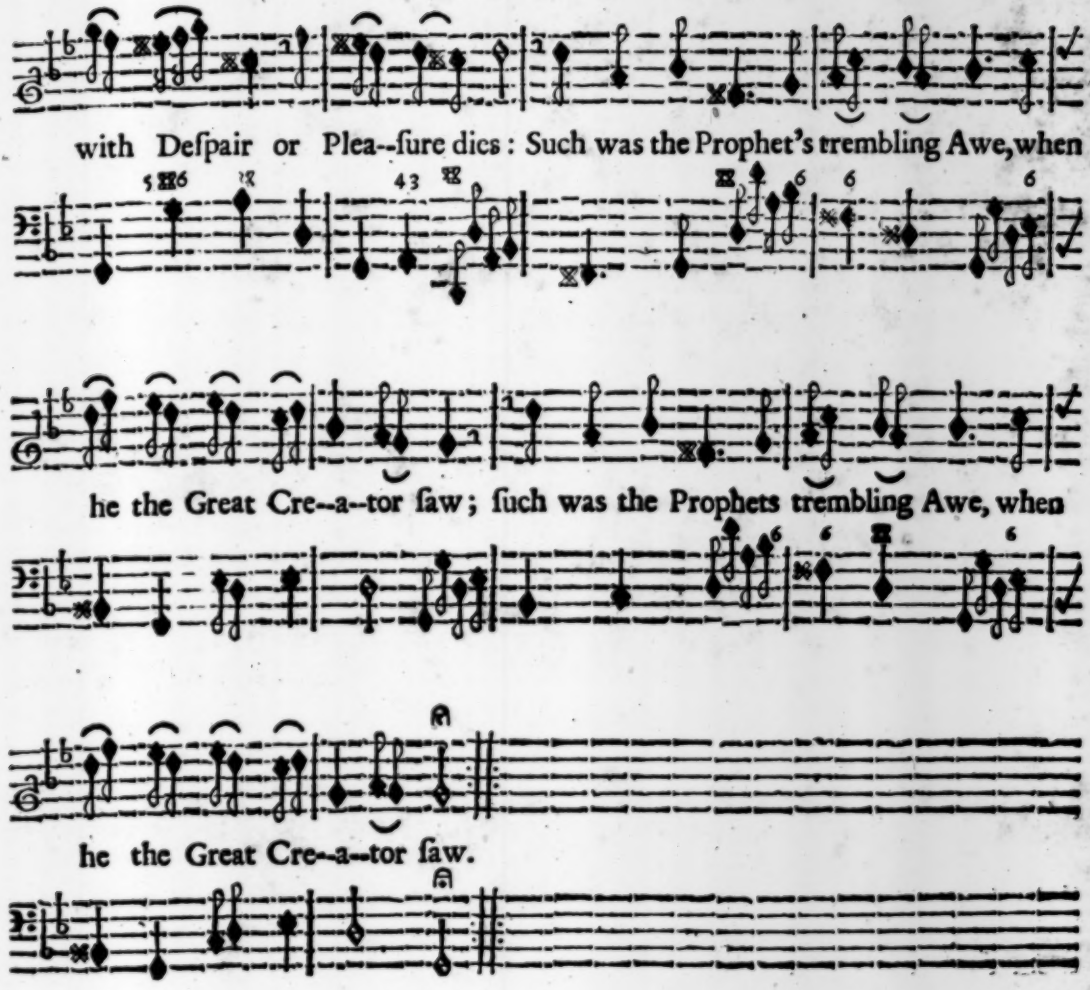


II.

What's the gawdy lofty Sky
  The worſe, for bleſſing Earth with Rain?
Or the dazling Deity,
  For ſtooping to the lowly Main?
Ah then! why ſhould I be blam'd,
  For letting poor *Aminter* woo me?
Yet I dye with bluſhing Shame,
  For Honour tells me he's below me.

Advice to a PAINTER; *excellently Set by Monſieur* Baptiſt.





III.

Firſt in her Soul-commanding Face,
A Sacred Innocence diſplay;
Then make her bluſh with ſuch a Grace,
As when *Aurora* paints the Day:
And let it by thy Skill be ſhown
For others faults, and not her own.

IV.

Draw in her Smiles, all Joys that grow
In Heaven, and happy Lovers crown;
And in a corner of her Brow,
Damnation lurking in a Frown:
Then paint me dying at her Feet,
Thou haſt done all that's Brave and Great.

FINIS.